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The May Day garland

7 Dials [London]

[18--]

Reel: 38 Title: 27

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JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100038.27

Control Number: ADG-3602
OCLC Number : 27690638
Call Number : W PN970.E5 MAYDGx
Title : The May Day garland : being a choice collection of poetical flowers, or songs, suited to that day and season.
Imprint : 7 Dials [London] : J. Pitts, printer, [18--]
Format : 8 p. ; 19 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Added Entry : Pitts, J., printer.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8-31-94
Camera Operator: ci

THE VOCAL REPOSITORY.

SECOND SERIES.

THE MAY DAY GARLAND.

Being a Choice Collection of
POETICAL FLOWERS, OR SONGS.
Suited to that Day and Season

1. THE CUCKOO.
2. THE LARK.
3. SPRING.
4. THE SPRING OF GRACE
5. THE MAYRR'S CALL.
6. THE NIGHT SONG.
7. THE MAYERS SONG.
8. THE WREATH OF MAY.
9. MAY.
10. THE FIRST OF MAY.
11. THE HERD.
12. THE RISING DAY.
13. ADVICE TO THE FAIR.
14. MORNING.
15. SPRING.
16. THE VIOLET.
17. A RURAL LIFE.
18. THE GENEROUS MAID.

Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse, 6, Great st, Andrew street, 7 Dials.

1. THE CUCKOO.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And cardamine all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The Cuckow, then, on many a tree,
Begins his song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow——cuckow——he then doth sing,
Announcing the return of spring.

When Cow-boys pipe on oaten straw,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles coo, and rooks do caw,
And shepherds shear their fleecy flocks,
The Cuckow, then, on many a tree,
Prolongs his song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow——cuckow——he then doth sing,
In the full joy of the gay Spring.

When mowers cut the flow'ry hay,
And men and maids, with fork and rake,
Come to the meadow, blithe and gay
The fragrant winter-store to make,
The Cuckow, then, on many a tree,
Gets hoarse in song, for thus sings he:
Cuckow—cuckow—he then doth sing,
And Summer hath succeeded (Spring.

2. THE LARK.

SEE, the Lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to heaven and soars, and sings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise:
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light,
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And, as he sings, he sings to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part:
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn;
To Him your grateful tribute pay,
Through every period of the day.

To Him your evening songs direct,
His eye shall watch, his arm protect,
O give to Him your warmest lays,
Tho' all too weak to tell his praise:
Tho' darkness reigns He's with you still,
Then sleep, ye good, and fear no ill.

3. SPRING.

BLEAK winter is subdued at length,
And forc'd to yield the day;
The Sun has wasted all his strength,
And driven him away.

And now long-wish'd-for Spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The flowers all beauteous spring;
Melodious birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.—

But, ah! in vain, I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Tho' all is spring without.

Oh! would my Saviour from on high
Break thro' these clouds and shine!

White PN 970 .E5 M4 Y1 D6x

No creature then more blest than I,
No Song more loud than mine.

Till then—no sweetly warbling thrush
Nor cowslip's sweet perfume,
Nor beauties of each painted bush,
Can dissipate my gloom.

To Adam, soon as he transgress'd,
Thus Eden bloom'd in vain;
Nor Paradise could give him rest,
Or soothe his heart-felt pain.

Yet here an emblem I perceive
Of what the Lord can do.
Dear Saviour help me to believe,
That I may flourish too.

Lord let thy Word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes,
And make my langnid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

4. THE SPRING OF GRACE.

PLEASING Spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

Where, in Winter, all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the Spring of Grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;

Till the spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

Lord, a spring afford to me!
I no more feel like what I see;
Ah my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song.

Winter threaten'd to destroy
Faith and love, and ev'ry joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice;
O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past.

On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil,
Soon thy presence will restore,
Life to what seem'd dead before.

Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come!
Where the Saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year:

How unlike the State below!
There the flow'rs unwith'ring grow
There no chilling blasts annoy;
All is bloom, and love, and joy.

5. THE MAYER'S CALL.

COME, lads, with your bills,
To the wood we'll away,
We'll gather the boughs,
And we'll celebrate May

We'll bring our load home,
As we've oft done before,
And leave a green bough,
At each good master's } door.
good neighbour's }
pretty maids, }

To-morrow, when work's done,
I hold it no wrong,
If we go round in ribbands,
And sing them a song.

Come, lads, bring your bills,
To the wood we'll away

We'll gather the boughs,
And we'll celebrate May.

6. THE NIGHT SONG.

IF we should wake you from your sleep,
Good people, listen, now,
Our yearly festival we keep,
And bring a May-thorn bough.

An emblem of the world it grows,
The flowers its pleasures are,
But many a thorn bespeaks its woes,
Its sorrow and its care.

Oh! sleep you, then, and take your rest
And, when the day shall dawn,
May you awake in all things blest—
A May without a thorn.

And when, to-morrow we shall come
Oh! treat us not with scorn;
From out your bounty give us some—
Be May without a thorn.

May He, who makes the May to blow,
On earth his riches sheds,
Protect thee against every woe
Shower blessings on thy heads.

7. THE MAYERS SONG.

ON the Mayer's deign to smile,
Master, mistress, hear our song.
Listen but a little while,
We will not detain you long.

Life with us is in its spring,
We enjoy a blooming May,
Summer will its labour bring,
Winter has its pinching day.

Yet the blessing we would use
Wisely—it is reason's part——
Those who youth and health abuse,
Fail not in the end to smart.

Mirth we love——the proverb says,
BE YE MERRY BUT BE WISE;
We will walk in wisdom's ways,
There alone true pleasure lies.

May, that now is in its bloom,
All so fragrant and so fair,
When autumn and when winter come,
Shall its useful berries bear.

We would taste your home brew'd beer,——
Give not, if we've had enough,——
May it strengthen, may it cheer,
Waste not e'er the precious stuff.

We of money something crave,
For ourselves we ask no share,
JOHN and JANE the whole shall have,
They're the last new married pair.

May it comfort to them prove,
And a blessing bring to you:
Blessings of connubial love,
Light on all like morning dew.

So shall May, with blessing crown'd,
Welcom'd be by old and young,
Often as the year comes round,
Shall the May Day song be sung.

Fare ye well, good people all,
Sweet to night may be your rest,
Every blessing you befall.
Blessing others you are blest.

8. THE WREATH OF MAY.

THIS slender rod of leaves and flowers,
So fragrant and so gay,
Produce of spring's serener hours,
Peculiarly is MAY.

This slender rod, the hawthorn bears,
And when its bloom is over,
Its ruby berries then it wears,
The Songster's winter store.

5

Then, tho' it charm the sight and smell,
In Spring's delicious hours.
The feather'd choir its praise shall tell,
'Gainst Winter round us lours,

O then, my love, from me receive,
This beauteous hawthorn spray,
A garland for thy head I'll weave,
Be thou my QUEEN OF MAY.

Lovely and fragrant as these flowers,
Live pure as thou wert born,
And ne'er may Sin's destructive powers,
Assail thee with its thorn,

9. MAY

From MAY DAY, by Garrick.

O SPREAD thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the ground,
Drive the blasts of keen winter away,
Let the birds sweetly carol, the meadows smile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

Let spleen, spite and envy, those clouds of the mind,
Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
The pleasures of Eden had blest human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

If May, with her sunshine, can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the season improve
Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard hearted maids yield to love.

With the treasures of Spring let the village be dress'd,
Its joys let the season impart;
When rapture swells high and o'erflows from each breast,
'Tis the MAY of the mind and the heart.

10. THE FIRST OF MAY.

From the Same.

LOVE reigns, his Season, makes his choice,
And shall not we with birds rejoice?
Attend to Nature, hear her say,
Be kind to me THE FIRST OF MAY.

Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
Keep wealth from youth you can't possess?
To Nature hark, you'll hear her say,
Be kind with me THE FIRST OF MAY.

Oh! then, be bounteous like the Spring,
Which makes creation sport and sing,
With Nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind THIS FIRST OF MAY.

11. THE HERD,

NOW at length 'tis May-Day morn,
And the Herdsman blows his horn;
Green with grass the commons now,
Herbage bears for many a Cow.

Too long in the Straw yard fed,
Have the cattle hung their head,
And the milk did well nigh fail,
The Milk-maid in her ashen pail.

Well the men have done their job,
Every horn has got its knob;
Nor shall they each other gore,
Not a bag, or hide, be torn.

Yet they first a fight maintain,
Till one Cow the mastery gain;
They, like man, for mastery strive,
They by others, weakness thrive.

Drive them gently o'er the lawn,
Keep them from the growing corn;
When the common they shall gain,
Let them spread wide o'er the plain.

Shew them to the reedy pool,
There at noon their sides they'll cool,
And with a wide whisking tail,
Thrash the flies as with a flail.

Bring them gently home at eve,
That their bags they may relieve,
And themselves of care divest,
Chew the cud and take their rest.

Now the dairy maid will please,
To churn her butter, set her cheese;
We shall have the clotted cream,
The tea-table's delightful theme.

Raise the Song, then, let us now,
Sing the healthful, useful cow,
England well the blessing knows,
A land with milk that richly flows.

12. THE RISING DAY.

A GLEE

From Cunningham's Morning (Webbe.)

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping sun-beams now,
Paint with gold the village spire.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray;
Nature's universal song,
Echoes to the rising Day.

13. ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

YE Fairs possess'd of every charm
To captivate the will;
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill;
Say, will you deign the verse to hear
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honest verse that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but greater yet
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a Cage;
Each nymph a thousand hearts might
take,
For who is to beauty blind?
But to what end a prisoner make
Unless you've strength to bind.

Attend these counsels often told,
Too often told in vain
Learn that best art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamester's to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast;
Tho' BEAUTY may the charm BEGIN,
'Tis SWEETNESS makes it LAST.

14. MORNING.

THE sprightly messenger of day,
To Heav'n ascending tunes the lay,
That waked the blushing morn;
Cheer'd with the inspiring notes, I rise,
And hail the Pow'r, whose glad supplies,
The enlivened plains adorn.

See, while I speak, the bright Sun sheds
His early honours o'er the meads,
The springing valies smile;
With cheerful hasts the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets the accustom'd toil.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays,
With melody the genial rays,
And Echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
And bleating flocks salute the sun,
And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze.
That op'ning flow'rs diffuse;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend.
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
Associates of the muse!

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,
And fell Revenge and black Despair
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the Sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who Virtue's dictates slight.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her Changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole Surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils,
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And Heav'ns own thunder's roll;
Calmly he views the bustling storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform,
The morning of his Soul.

15. SPRING.

(By Elizabeth Bentley.)

WELCOME sweet season of delight,
What beauties charm the wond'ring sight,
In thy unchan'ging reign!
How fresh descends the morning dew
Whilst op'ning flowers of various hue
Bedeck the sprightly plain.

The artless warblers of the grove,
Again unite in Songs of love,
To bless thy kind return;
But first the Lark who soaring seems
To hail the orb of day, whose beams,
With fresh refulgence burn.

The limpid brook that purls along,
The tuneful blackbird joyous song,
The softly whispering breeze;
The mossy hills which now invite,
These with the verdant meads unite,
Th' elevated mind to please.

The mind with thoughts of good possest,
With innocence and virtue blest,
Untaught in vice's ways;
May taste those joys by Nature giv'n
May lift the enraptur'd eye to Heav'n
And their great Author praise.

Stern Winter's gloomy season past,
We see fair Spring advances fast,
With summer in the rear;
Soon Autumn's shades will interpose,
And a succeeding Winter close,
The swift revolving year.

Of human life an emblem true,
The early morn of youth we view,
In Spring's delightful face;
Meridian life's a summer's day,
With autumn fades; its quick decay,
In Winter's blast we trace.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour;
Improve the moments in our pow'r,
E'er time shall cease to be.
Then shall our spirits taking wing,
Be crown'd with an eternal spring
From Wintry storms set free.

16. THE VIOLET.

(Tune:—What Virgin or Shepherd.)

SERENE in the morning the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn
The sun with his splendour embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours
Let us, my dear Betsy, the garden survey,

And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe in yon walk, (vest ;
How flaunting the gloss of its
How proud and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest.
From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring,
The South wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from her sisters in purple array
The Violet humbly retreats ;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excell her in sweets.
So humble (that tho' with unparallel'd grace,
She might e'en a palace adorn.)
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn,

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
When modestly heightens her charms ;
When meekness like thine adds a gem to her mind,
We wish to protect her from harms,
Tho' the proud courtly dames from their State should descend,
And with treasures await at my call,
To thee my fond heart would with preference bend,
And hail thee the Violet of all.

17. A RURAL LIFE.

HOW happy is the Maid,
Who lives a rural life.
By no false views betray'd,
To share domestic strife,

No passion sways her mind,
No longing to be great,
To humble thoughts confin'd,
She shuns the gilded bait.

But if some generous boy,
Her faithful bosom share ;
He doubles all her joy,
And lessens all her care ;

Their moments on the wing,
The mutual bliss improve
And give perpetual spring
To Virtue, Truth, and Love.

18. THE GENEROUS MAID

WHY should I my passion smother,
Or the man I love torment,
Frowns may drive him to another,
Then too late I may repent.

Often has he fondly woo'd me,
Yet I always seemed coy ;
Tho' in pleasant strains he sued me,
'Gainst my will I did deny.

Thus we force ourselves to suffer,
Slighting what we so much prize
Yet its easy to discover
Our own thoughts within our eyes,

J. Pitts, Printer.